



# Health Care Reform Passes ... to John Jenkins!

**Graduating students rejoice:  
Don't have to get legit jobs until they're 25!**

**THIS JUST IN**

**Derbies for Drag Queens  
Helping those who suffer for Fashion**

By: *Brendan Alviani*  
LGBTX Specialist

The recession has not been all bad; to cut costs, Sigma Chi and Lambda have joined forces to create the most fabulous charity event of the year: Derbies for Drag Queens. Now, sororities will compete to find various vaudevillian bowlers across campus which will be used to help Nashville's penilely-bonused feminine pop performers dance for dollars. Brothers, sisters, queens and queers are currently combing the campus like a delicately tossed faux-hawk for not just the elusive bowler, but fabulous hats of all types. So far, they have found 12 bonnets, 8 fedoras, 2 sombreros, 16 punk blonde wigs, 1 packer cheese helmet, and hundreds of last season's camo Vandy baseball caps.

"At first, we were hesitant," said Sigma Chi brother Chad Chaderson. "But their articulate, witty and sassy facebook campaign really convinced us. Boobs and a tinge of unmentionable homoerotic? Sign us up."

"We're really excited to be helping out our sisters/brothers/confusingly-gendered siblings in need," AOII sister Kelly Kellison said. "After all, if there is anyone on campus who can sympathize with spending all week looking for the perfect accessory in order to be judged, it's us sorority girls. It's like rush all over again."

Lambda spokesperson Larry Ladyson has high hopes that this partnership will boost attendance. "You know, there are thousands of students who don't come to see our lovely ladies [with penises. Ed.] just because of some silly homophobia, but honestly, this partnership helps show that you don't have to know the nuances of transgender pronouns to have a good time. Watch a part-time accountant with bountiful breasts belt 'I Kissed a Girl,' and you'll never think of Katy Perry the same again. Ever."

However, it's not all rainbows and beer pong. Other charity organizers, competing for Vandy's fickle philanthropy dollars, are skeptical.

"Why are they raising money anyways? I hardly think that extra sequins and boas are more worthwhile than clean water for earthquake survivors. At least they could've made it 'Derbies for Drag Queens in Haiti.'

"That's not the point," countered Ladyson. "The Rainbow ReVU raises awareness of LGBT issues and the Derby Days does... something. Who knows? It keeps the sorority girls busy."

**SS Rand to Dock in Somalia:  
Johnny Depp Fans Rejoice**

By: *Dan King*  
Kidnapping Specialist

Once a year, Rand Dining Hall takes time out of its busy schedule of fake Mexican, fake Mediterranean, and awful American food, and instead offers its patrons a sampling of cuisine from some distant port of call. This year's event, slated to happen this Wednesday, looks to be the most ambitious yet, as the SS Rand departs for beautiful Somalia!

To tease diners, those in charge of the event have been leaving clues all over the dining hall, all of which point to only one location. Vanderbilt's exceptionally intelligent student body had no trouble finding the world's smallest volcano, Somalia's Mt. Garoowe, and well over 49 million people have seen the video of Somalian prisoners dancing to "Thriller."

The decision to take the SS Rand to the East African nation came from Vanderbilt Dining director Camp Howard. According to Howard, the evening will highlight the cuisine and the culture of the "Leopard Nation."

In Howard's view, diners who come to Rand tomorrow can expect to enjoy "delicious ghee-fried lamb, tasty Somali Malawa, and soul crushing kidnappings!"

That's right. Tomorrow's menu will feature plenty of all those famous Somali foods we all love, and lots of the pirate-style kidnappings we all fear.

Upon their arrival tomorrow night, students will be thrown into the "Brig" at the bottom of Rand. Here they will wait until dining officials can find some friend or family member willing to pay their 'ransom.' After that, the newly free students will be able to head topside and enjoy a good meal.

When asked what would happen if students could not find someone to pay their ransom, Howard maniacally replied, "Oh they should definitely find someone to pay. I don't think anyone wants to find out what happens if they don't pay."

When asked how many international laws the school would break by kidnapping student diners at Rand, Howard coolly responded, "Enough."

**Physics Researchers Survive  
Divide by Zero Error**

By: *Clay Christain*  
Academia Specialist

Late last week, Adjunct physics professor Enrico Suave miraculously survived a near-death experience as he came within picometers of successfully dividing by zero.

"I'm very fortunate to be alive," Suave said. "Humans have been trying to divide by zero for about a thousand years... Maybe we should have put more than one drunken night's thought into our experiment."

One of Suave's lab assistants, Ernest Butterworth, a second-year grad student, described the event:

"Well, I fired up the Bunsen burner, and professor Suave reached for the Caesar salad - with his tongs, mind you. Naturally, we were wearing our safety goggles. God only knows what would have happened if we hadn't been... After slow roasting the potassium nitrate to about 350 degrees Fahrenheit, I began titrating the watermelon Smirnoff into a ten-gallon Erlenmeyer flask. Jake turned on the particle accelerator, and we made sure to put all seats back in the upright position.

Next was one of the most risky parts. We were driving stick, and we had to pull the choke while going from second gear all the way to fourth. Almost every legitimate physics journal said we wouldn't be able to pull that one off. At that point we thought we could do it; we thought we had it...

The sample of Polonium was carted off the field, and before we called timeout, we made sure to adjust the proper level of Zienkiewicz rays to 69 Kelvin - the final step before letting the computer run its calculations. Professor Suave typed "1/0" into the command prompt, hit enter and well, none of us really remember what happened after that."

A large explosion rocked the Stevenson center shortly before paramedics and firefighters rushed the scene.

"I don't know how anyone got out of that lab alive," one fireman said. "It was as if someone microwaved a box of car batteries."

The primary source of error is suspected to be faulty Polish algorithms. Although none of the scientists were hurt, 50 lab rats, 10 monkeys, a test tube and 23 exchange students were reported missing.

**INSIDETHISISSUE**

One in Latin	Unus
Two in Spanish	Duo
Tricked you	Tres
Chicken McNuggets	Quattor
Interview with the Pope	Quinque
Always good	Sex

facebook > Google

**4**

Uploading all those Picnic'd photos payed off; Facebook now more popular than Google.

**FREE Cone Day!**

At Ben and Jerry's

**6**

...was yesterday. As was Free Pastry Day at Starbucks. There's always next year?

FROM THE EDITOR



MERYEM DEDE

With my sophomore year about ¾ of the way through and my editorship wrapping up fairly soon, I have to say I have learnt a lot. I have discovered that buying more underwear when you should really just do laundry is only hurting yourself, Easy Mac doesn't have the actual word "cheese" in its name for a reason and most importantly, I have learned the fine art of food scavenging.

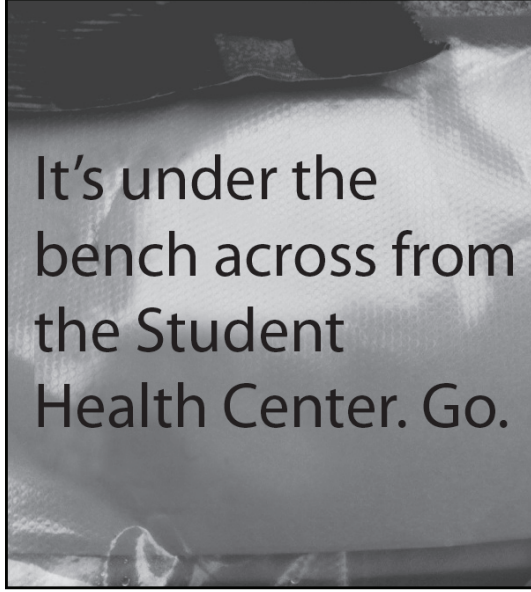
Last year, my meal plan was a glorious 28 meals a week. I'll be the first to admit that as a freshman, I lived like a queen. Not only did I feed myself and supplement my upperclassmen friends' diets off of this plan, but when I went home for the summer I brought a rather large bag of Easy Macs and Izze sodas with me. Foolish in my youth, I donated this food. As Cat Stevens said, I wish that I knew what I know now when I was younger.

This year I am living in McTyeire. This decision has improved my Russian, gotten me really close with my Russian peers and half-starved me. McTyeire's inflexible meal plan has caused me to take up an interesting life of conservation (always carry Tupperware, you don't want to eat the second sweet potato now, but you will later), begging (making those favors from last year pay off) and scavenging. It is this last point that has really gotten me through those particularly meal-sparse weeks. Scavenging, or the art of free food, is one of the untapped secrets of this beautiful Acfee-indulgent campus.

Like a vulture to a dead-caribou carcass, a raccoon to a garbage can, or a leech to an artery, I attend a superfluous amount of free food events on campus, talk to alumni over dinner, schmooze to the chancellor over ice cream, or salsa over chips. Student organizations, the Admissions Office, the Office of Housing, the Engineering Departments—all have tons of events geared towards networking, looking fly and feeding me.

It's funny how life works—two years into college and one year with an inadequate meal plan, and I have learned to scavenge well but not to cook any better. However, one very important lesson that I have learned: not that many people read this far down on my column, and of the few who do, most know me personally. Hey, Mom!

Fucked Image



It's under the bench across from the Student Health Center. Go.

The Slant brings you the latest Derby Days clue. Enjoy.

Actually Inside This Issue

**BASTARD CONFESSION:** Clockwatching.....2

**FUCKED IMAGES:** YES, you can get it crap-crusted...2

**CENTER SPREAD:** Do some shit!.....4-5

**AROUND THE LOOP:** Breakin' spring and other things. .7

**EDGAR ALLAN POE:** Is alive! .....7

**THE ARTS:** Way better than "The Sciences" .....8

**TOP TEN:** It's always better when we're together ....8

Fucked Image<sup>2</sup>



Join us for Seafood pasta, Crap crusted salmon, Deep fried shrimp and more! Dinner March 15.

Reality Check: This was actually posted on the Vanderbilt Dining website. We're just sharing it with the masses, i.e., everyone except the 17 people who actually visit that website. Somebody is either dyslexic or just really loves fecal matter atop their pescetarian dishes.

MASTHEAD



Ensuing Hilarity... since 1886.

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IN VANUM LABORAT QUI OMNIBUS  
PLACERE CONTENDIT

Fucked Image<sup>3</sup>



YES (the band) poses in front of that creepy-ass tree outside of Central Library. They promise to be your "roundabout" for the one-stop shop that is YES (the new registration system).

Bastard Confession



"I stole your hour!  
...but I'll give it back later,  
I promise."

-- Daylight  
Savings Time Man

# Bare-Nekked-Faced: The Wonders of Facial Hair, or Lack Thereof

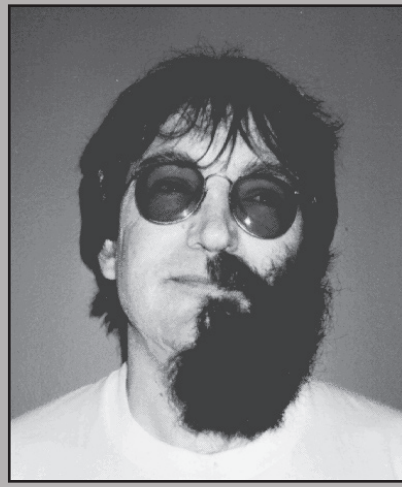
By: Justin Barisich

Wielder of the Sacred Schick Quattro Midnight

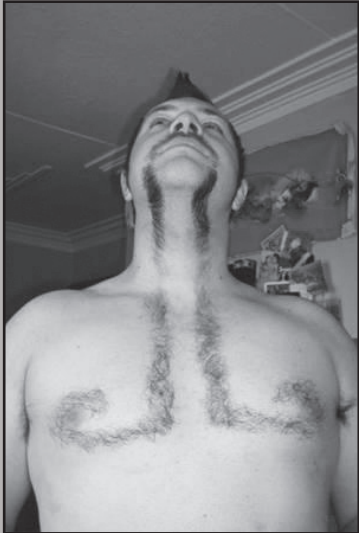
I just ended the second-longest relationship of my life: I shaved.

Honestly, my facial hair, in all its various manifestations, had been one with me since I graduated from high school about three years ago. Probably my most reliable and consistent companion, my chinstrap/beard/goatee/door-knocker/Wolverine-look had always been there for me to stroke. Many "girlfriends" had asked me to shave it, claiming that it would scratch them during close contact, but women can never fully understand and appreciate the relationship between a man and his facial hair, so I just

you no longer need to hide behind that grizzly lumberjack beard, so have fun and experiment with the "art of subtraction" and see what follicle art you can create on yourself or at least on your comatose/drugged roommate. I'm sure he'll appreciate your masterpiece in the morning, especially if you have the Hitler mustache make a grand resurrection, because one asshole



Go big or go home, cuz your friend won't like it if you half-ass your experimental shaving.



Follow the Hairy Nipple Road!

laughed them off in a very hearty, bassy tone.

But my shaving wasn't to raise money for colon cancer. It wasn't because of my "artistic" disillusionment with our modern world, and it wasn't to foster world peace – though I'm not really sure how my clean-shaven face would help to dispel years of hatred and genocide anyway, but maybe that's just because I don't pull the puppet-strings or at least not the big ones.

Essentially, it was because I had turned 21 and no longer had to look older than I really was for any number of reasons such as alcohol acquisitions, courting college females of the grad student variety, confusing relatives about which one of the Barisich brothers was actually the eldest even though we're separated in age by 5 years (familial fail), or so on and so forth.

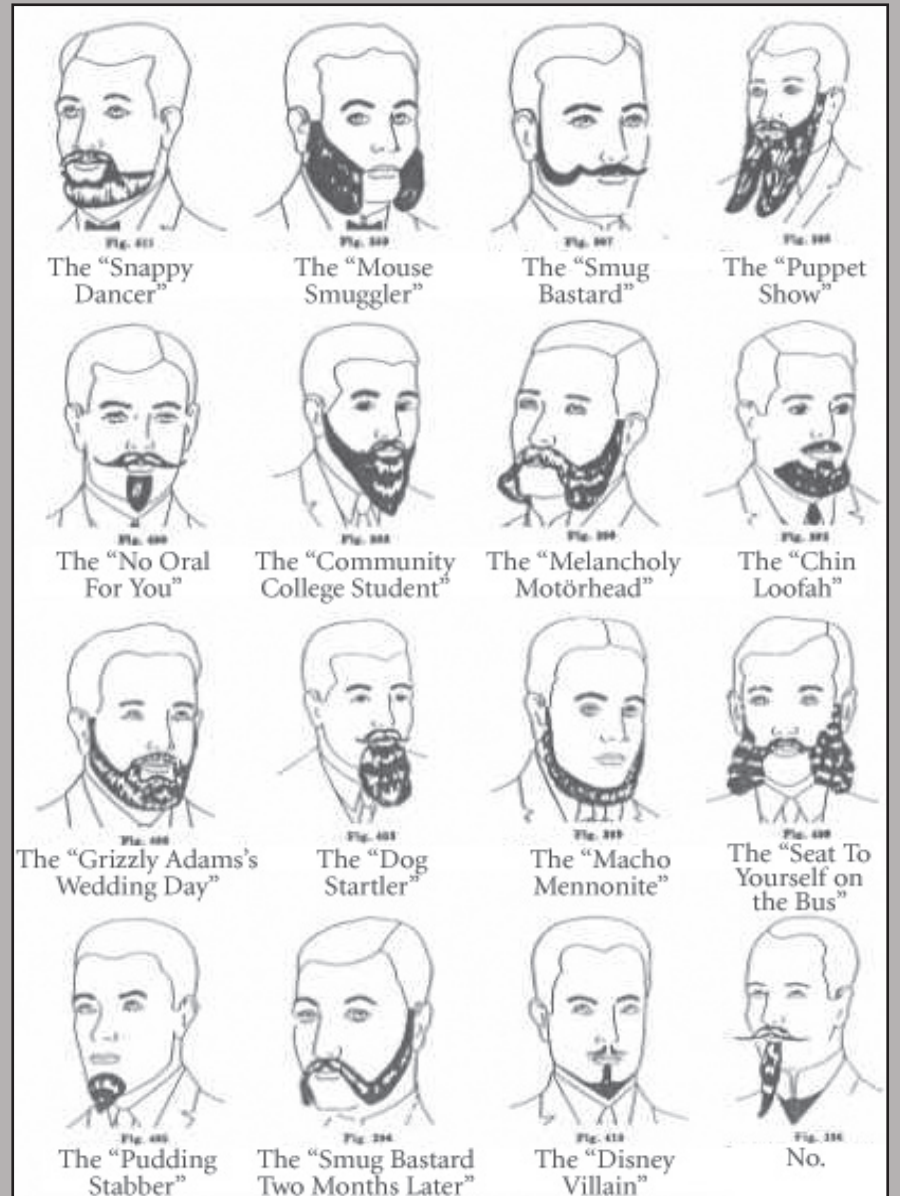
Vandy men, I encourage you to join me in my clean-faced cause, but be sure to do so for yourselves and not for some whiny woman. Think about it: now that it's getting warmer outside,

shouldn't be able to take an entire facial hair styling to the grave with him!

If the smooth face just isn't your style, consider all of the creativity you can conjure with just a razor and a trimmer: the Fu Manchu, the Friendly Mutton Chops, the Handlebar Mustache, the Super Mario, the Zappa, the Rap Industry Standard, and the famous "Tom Selleck, I think you have a thick, hairy caterpillar on your top lip" *Magnum, P.L.*-stache. If you don't recognize these styles, be sure to research them online, as well as the plethora of others.



I will cut you!



What your new facial hair style says about your personality.

If you're searching for a reason to justify your shaving to your lady-friend(s), simply lie to them and say that you've thought it over and that you're acquiescing to their requests. That'll surely earn you a few "good boyfriend" points that you can cash in later for another sort of shaving, if that's what you're into.

If anybody else questions your motives for shaving, tell them that the only reason you let your facial hair grow out in the first place was because you went through some traumatic experience such as your grandparent's death, your parent's divorce, or accidentally running over Earl Grey, your pet hamster. Tell them that your beard had served as the physical manifestation

of your mental and emotional anguish, and, now that you just picked up Earl Grey II from the pet store, you're finally getting over your previous loss. I'm sure they'll never ask again about why you shaved but will always be sure to compliment you on any style you choose in the future.

So, experiment with a new look. It's college, the time of our lives when we're supposed to be experimenting with oodles of different things, so don't neglect the part of your body that most immediately distinguishes you from, projects an immediate message to, and elicits an immediate reaction from the rest of the world: your face. Since we don't have tits, we must get people to look at us for some other reason.

# The Bracket Racket: Obamacares Not About Vanderbilt

By: Dan King

Theoretical Bracketologist

Last Tuesday, President Barack Obama revealed his distaste for all but one of the 65 schools in this year's NCAA men's basketball tournament by predicting that only Kansas would make it through the month undefeated. Like most Americans, Obama made his picks based solely on his feelings on each school giving no consideration whatsoever to their basketball prowess.

After filling out his bracket many of Obama's top aides were surprised that the President would so blatantly pick teams based on his own personal feelings. When asked if he perhaps should have considered the strength of each school's basketball program, Obama reportedly responded, "Basketball? Weren't you guys just asking me to rank how much I liked each of these places?"

And indeed Barack's bracket simply indicates the amount of love the President feels towards the area of the country containing each of the competing schools. For example, Wisconsin secured itself a ticket to the Sweet Sixteen by giving Obama their electoral votes in 2008, whereas Houston, Sam Houston, UTEP, and North Texas all secured themselves first round losses, because Texas voted for McCain.

Many students at Vanderbilt University were angered when Obama called for Murray State to take down the Commodores in the first round. According to sources close to the President, this decision was based on a combination of, "A man who once cut Obama off while driving in Nashville and a great turkey sandwich [Obama] ate during a campaign stop in Murray, Kentucky."

While Obama did end up correctly predicting the Murray State upset, not all of his preference-based picks turned out to mirror the basketball tournament. The President reportedly had a "great time" speaking at Notre Dame's graduation last spring, and therefore decided that he liked that school far better than Old Dominion University. However, during



## The Battle of the Birds:

In the left corner gives the anthropomorphized Kansas University Jayhawk mascot ready to act as a court jester.

In the right corner stands a real Western Meadowlark about to poke his opponent's eyes out.

Only Hitchcock could predict the outcome of this one.

the actual basketball game, ODU overcame what Obama describes as "one butt-ugly campus" to defeat Notre Dame 51-50.

Those that know Obama best were not at all surprised to see the leader of the free world pick Kansas as his absolute favorite team. Obama has always loved the entire state of Kansas, thinking it to be far superior to any other state in the country. Obama said, "Kansas is just an incredible place. Those gorgeous rolling planes, the most beautiful, kind-hearted people in the world, and of course, the metropolitan mecca that is Kansas City. Hands down the best state ever; I love them way more than any of these other shitholes."

While not everyone knew about the President's love of all things Kansas, Obama does very little to hide his feelings for the state. Obama reportedly likes to eat dinner once a week with the congressional delegation from the Sunflower State. According to first lady Michelle, "Yeah, Barack looks forward to that dinner all week; he even wears his special Kansas themed pajamas the night before to get ready." Obama also reportedly likes to dot his Is with little sunflowers and keeps a Western Meadowlark, the Kansas state bird, in the oval office.

Students at Kansas State University felt jilted that Obama would only pick one of the state's schools to win the tournament. One student told reporters, "If Obama actually loved the state of Kansas, then he would have picked both of us to win in his bracket. It's just total BS. How can he say that we're a good school and then turn around and say that we might lose a basketball game? Insane."

Moreso than anyone else, the Northern Iowa University Panthers felt snubbed and insulted when Obama decided that he likes Kansas better than their school in the second round of his bracket. Iowa senator Chuck Grassley said his state felt personally offended by Obama's decision. "I mean sure Kansas is nice but we do everything we can to be Barack's friend!" Grassley said. "We send him baskets filled with delicious corn, my wife gave Michelle her world famous cornbread recipe, and we even invited him over to play Wii bowling with us! Why don't you like us, Barack?! Why!?"

On Saturday, the Panthers decided to take matters into their own hands by beating Kansas in a nailbiter. Head Coach Ben Jacobson had some choice words for Obama after the game, saying, "Take that, you big stupid head!" and sticking out his tongue.

I could beat all 65 teams, especially Vandy's...by myself... with one hand tied behind my back... while also reforming American health care. Get out my face, punk!





Vanderbilt University  
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- News Feed
- Messages (7)
- Events (1)
- Photos
- Friends
- Applications
- Games
- Ads and Pages
- Groups
- Marketplace (1)
- More

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- Peabody College
- Quiznos
- Gmail
- Starbucks
- Nicholas Zeppos
- Chili's
- Med Cuisine
- eFollett
- Gordon Gee
- See All

# This Week at Vand

On



Basic Information

Networks:	Vanderbilt
Sex:	Female
Current City:	Nashville, Tennessee
Birthday:	1873
Hometown:	Nashville, Tennessee
Siblings:	University School of Nashville, Van
Relationship Status:	In a Relationship with Peabody Co
Interested In:	Men, Women, Power, Money Whate
Political Views:	Conservative, compared to others

News Feed

Top News · Most Recent 300+

What's on your mind?

**Kissam Quad** joined the group **Isolationism: not just for China anymore!**

12 minutes ago · Comment · Like · Join this Group

**Kappa Gamma Beta** joined the group **"Espionage and Dictatorship: They Work for Some People!"**

12 minutes ago · Comment · Like · Join this Group

**Vandy Van:** Eurgh, some Frosh just barfed in my backseat. FML.

4 hours ago · Comment · Like

**McTyeire Hall** is hungry. Remind me, when DO I GET REAL FOOD?

16 minutes ago · Comment · Like

**Vandy Student** Needs more coffee!!!!!!!!!!

4 hours ago · Comment · Like

**Vandy Student Five** y am I so durnk at teh frat parteeeee.....??/?//./.,...,/?>,....

4 hours ago · Comment · Like

**McTyeire and McGill** are attending **"We're Intellectual, Not Weird"**

10 minutes ago · RSVP to this event

**Towers III** Why is there blaring techno coming from the 7th floor?

4 hours ago · Comment · Like

**Branscomb** created the group **"Ugly Duckling to Party Beast: How I used to be a lowly freshman dorm but now everyone wants to live and rage here!"**

12 minutes ago · Comment · Like · Join this Group

**Morgan and Lewis** is sick of walking so far just to get to class...

4 hours ago · Comment · Like

**H.O.D. Student** Poopy, I forgot my crayons!

4 hours ago · Comment · Like

**Engineering Student** when am I ever going to have a life? No more work, thanks.

4 hours ago · Comment · Like

**Rand Dining Hall** is attending **"How to Cook"**

10 minutes ago · RSVP to this event

**Commons** completed the quiz **What Building Are You?** with the result **The Great Hall from Harry Potter**

**Vanderbilt University** updated it's 'about me' section to "Work hard, play hard"

16 minutes ago · Comment · Like

# This Year at V

In honor of Cafe Con Leche which literally means, coffee with milk, The Slant has decided to assign them beverages as well.

**Asian New Year Festival= Sake**

Just imagine the slogan possibilities-- Sake: it's the bomb.

**Diwali= Chai Tea**

Don't act like you weren't thinking it.

**Stress Fest= Anesthesia**

The event which no one ever remembers when it is

**Rec Night= Powerthirst**

Gratuitous amounts of awesome

**TNC's Big Ass Show= PurpleDrank**

It's sketchy. And stand-up-y.

**Juggleville= Piña Colada**

This drink-event combination doesn't make sense to us either.

**LAN Party= Rockstar**

**Rites of Spring= Sprite**

Sprites of Spring

**Quake= Surge**

Man, this year's lineup sounds delicious!

**VSG Elections= Stale Coffee**

**Kissam After Hours= Old Milk**

**Memorial Madness= Tears**

Mmmm... salty.

**Kickoff Cookoff= Smirnoff**

Greek row's hardcore drink of choice.

**Greek Week= Ambrosia**

**E (engineering) Week= Red Bull**



A real rock star



This milk is delicious, more sou... black rasp... head. You... our word



# erbilt

# ook

Edit

derbilt Medical Center  
lege  
ver I can get

# Vanderbilt

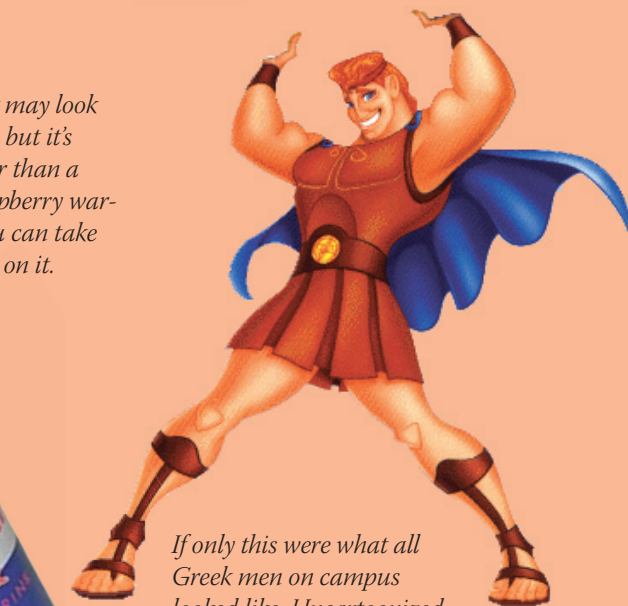
ided to spice up other campus events by arbitrarily



Delicious, fruity and alcoholic. What more could one ask for?



Rites of Sprite! Get it?



If only this were what all Greek men on campus looked like. Uncartoonized, of course.

Red Bull: the only thing standing between an engineer and insanity.

# Last Weekend at Vanderbilt

## Mosaic: Almost as Colorful as its Lies

By: Jojackson Igietseme  
Art Specialist

Walking from The Pub Thursday afternoon after watching a disappointing Vanderbilt loss our to Murray State, I happened upon what I believed to be a “stranger” looking lost. Normally, being the Good Samaritan that I am, I would have stopped and gladly given some help, but as I got closer and closer to this person, I noticed this kid had no visible Vanderbilt ID. So I did the most appropriate thing I could think of: make awkward eye contact, turn my head to the side, pull out my cell phone and pretend to be so enraptured in conversation that I couldn’t possibly take time out of my meaningless conversation to help this poor kid. Feeling bad, I took one more look at the kid and noticed he had a nametag emblazoned with his hometown, name and the words “MOSAIC 2010.” Looking around, I noticed there were a lot more kids, with similar nametags, just standing around that I didn’t recognize. Remembering MOSAIC as the program I didn’t get invited to when I was admitted into Vanderbilt, I purposely shoulder bumped the kid while shouting, “Welcome to Vanderbilt, Jackass.”

Laughing to myself as I walked away, I noticed a VUPD officer quickly approaching the student. Not wanting to cause trouble, I hastened to the SLC where I had heard the MOSAIC events would start. As I got to the ballroom, I noticed a lot of Vanderbilt students picking up the MOSAIC kids and leaving. Thinking these Vanderbilt students were going to show these kids a good time, I was confused that they were headed in the direction opposite of frat row. Confused at this point, I decided that maybe they were waiting until the weekend to introduce these kids to the wilder side of Vanderbilt. I was once again disappointed when I showed up at Frat Row, and the usual suspects were all in attendance. As I lay in my bed Saturday night, whilst neglecting to do the reading assigned for my class the next Monday, I decided that I need to get on the internet and find out what exactly this MOSAIC weekend really entailed.

After exploring Facebook for two hours and looking through party pictures of MOSAIC events I wasn’t invited to, I finally summoned the will to close the window and do a Google search. My search led me to the Office of Student Admissions. Quoted directly from the MOSAIC page, they say, “The purpose of MOSAIC is to give prospective students a unique introduction to a campus constantly striving for increased diversity and awareness. As a result, we are asking that you help the prospective students visualize themselves as future Commodores, while at the same time giving them an accurate glimpse of life at Vanderbilt.” Confused and conflicted, I wondered how these kids would get an accurate perspective of Vanderbilt without standing in line at Rand when it’s 12:00 PM, going to frat row three nights



Just try to imagine this without color.

in a row before realizing it’s all the same, standing in line at the post office for fifteen minutes before giving up and trying again tomorrow, and having to ride the Vandy Van all around campus just to get from Kissam to Branscomb. How could these students possibly understand the struggles we Vanderbilt kids face on a day-to-day basis by following an itinerary set up by people who don’t know anything about student life at Vanderbilt? The answer, I realized, lay beyond my limited scope of knowledge. Getting out of my room, I decided to head to the Commons Munchie Mart, looking forward to the meal I was about to use. After getting my entree and two sides, I turned to stand in line and was shocked at how long it stretched. Walking dejectedly to the back, I glared at all the MOSAIC kids who swarmed in all the while thinking, “Fuck MOSAIC.”

# This Week ~~NOT~~ at Vanderbilt

## End of Men’s B-Ball Season Brings Relief

By: Alec Jordan  
Bad Seed Specialist

When 13<sup>th</sup> seed Murray State upset 4<sup>th</sup> seed Vanderbilt, it initially also upset many people who thought they made the obvious choice of a Vanderbilt victory in their brackets. Within the following days, however, emotions died down to a melancholy contentment as student sports fans realized that this game marked the end of Vanderbilt men’s basketball season. Yes, it ended in a loss, but if anything, that was just more reassuring to the community to whom Vandy’s high seed, and even appearance, in the tournament came as a shock.

Coming off a wonderfully horrendous football season, Vandy B-Ball fans were full of anticipation. Expectations not to be met, successes to come in small portions amidst heaps of failures, and just a general despair over the state of the athletic prowess of the Commodores were to be high points this season.

However, the men’s basketball team apparently didn’t get the memo. Not only did they win more than they lost, but they ended up solidly as second in the SEC and earned a 4<sup>th</sup> seed bid into the NCAA tournament. Just when fans were getting ready to start looking forward to a disappointing baseball season, they were told that Vandy potentially had more games to play.

“When I chose to come to Vandy, I had very high expectations for the sports teams here. I assumed there would be a few moments of fun and joy but overall a miserable season—thus, prompting me back to my books or my beer, depending on the night. But then they started winning. I... I just couldn’t cope,” Freshmen Xavier Thomas complained.



You’re not nearly as good at predicting the future as you think.

V a n - derbilt Athletic Director David Williams issued a public apology the next day.

“I would like to apologize to all students, alumni, and a handful of other people who follow our

sports teams. We had no intention to prolong the season and will be making strong efforts to return to our policy of mediocrity with full force come Monday,” Williams said.

Obviously, there were many questions about the validity of head coach of the men’s team, Kevin Stallings.

Williams refused to make comment about the safety of Stallings’ job but did say, “When interviewing for the job, [Stallings] expressed that he wanted to turn the program into one based on consistently winning and being in a position to win in the post season.”

After a pause and a headshake, Williams continued.

“We thought he was kidding, had a great sense of humor, and was perfect for the position. His job is by no means in jeopardy, but we will be looking at retooling our philosophies. We owe the community some consistency of failure, and from top to bottom our organization is deeply sorry for the rollercoaster of emotions from this basketball season. No further comments, please. I need to go check my bracket,” Williams said.



Let’s not talk about it...

“I mean, I guess I’m happy for them,” said sophomore Lindsay Houston, “but they did kind of ruin my schedule. Oh well, now I can use the loss as an excuse to go get smashed!”

Houston was not alone in her sentiments.

# Point: Go Home

## Why do something when you can do nothing?

By: Chris Watkins  
Potato and Couch Specialist

The stress of midterms. The agony of papers. The torture of having to eat at the Commons for the umpteenth week in a row. When it was all over, I only wanted to do one thing. Go party it up with my bros on the beach? No. Tear it up on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains? Nope. I wanted to go home.

Now, I understand that at this point in the article, some of you may be thinking something along the lines of "What a loser!" or "Who is this little bitch?" or maybe even "What is this newspaper?" All valid questions, but if you find yourself asking them, I could care less if you read this anyway.

But the question remains, why would I want to return home? Well, as a lowly freshman... ahem, "first-year"... such as myself, I still sort of enjoy going



Well, shucks, that is the cutest potato I have ever seen.

back. I know that some people may argue that the beach or the mountains are "FREAKIN SWEET!" or that their parents would take away their freedom that they have so enjoyed over the past months, but there is way too much upside to going home.

First, home is cheap. Spring break trips can get really expensive really fast. Beach house/cabin + equipment rental + food + select beverages = \$\$\$ that I don't have. Food is the real killer for me. They don't take meal plan outside of Vanderbilt. Believe me, I have tried. However, parents are the ultimate meal plan. You don't have to swipe your card, but dinner will still be on the table. As much as I think I love Chef James and The Wok, nothing beats a home-cooked meal. Well, maybe one of Beatrice's sandwiches. Those sandwiches are definitely made with love.

Second, it's much safer to go home. You know how they say that most accidents occur within a few miles of one's home? Over Spring break, it's entirely the opposite. Most accidents over Spring break tend to happen in some far away location with the help of some liquid courage after someone says something along the lines of "Oh, yeah, back-off that huge wall be an awesome idea!" or

"Dude, we should totally climb up the side of the pier..." And don't even get me started about skiing. You are strapping thin planks to your feet and skiing down a mountain of frozen water barely squirting past large trees and other fellow skiers. Whoever thought that sport was a smart idea in the first place obviously had some sort of brain injury or at least received one shortly thereafter. Oddly enough, pine trees aren't as soft as some people make them out to be.

Back at the beach there are a myriad of hidden dangers, especially the three S's: Sunburns, Sharks, and Sand. Sunburns and sharks alone are bad enough, but sand is the sneaky killer. It gets everywhere. I'm not exaggerating. You know exactly what I am talking about. I still find sand in shoes, sandals, luggage, and regions of my body from my excursion to Florida last summer. I will never again underestimate the annoyance of a single grain of sand. You know that feeling where you know something is wrong, but you can't figure out what it is? It's probably a piece of sand lodged inside your ear or some other orifice that you will never, I repeat, NEVER be able to get out.

But seriously, what is better than sitting around doing nothing for an entire week except napping and watch-



Dorothy is a big advocate for returning home. Unfortunately, the actress that portrayed her, Judy Garland died of a drug overdose at an early age. But hey, whatever.

ing movies with your friends from back home? Nothing comes to mind. Well, maybe jet-skis. Or sand volleyball. Or sunsets over the ocean. Or warm weather. Oh. Maybe I need to rethink things a bit...



# CounterPoint: Beach Combing

## Why do everything when you can remember nothing?

By: Jonathan Newkirk  
Resident Alcoholic

Looking at my counterparts' arguments, I have no idea why you wouldn't want to get fucked up on a beach for a week. Sure, I can sit at home and drink martinis with my mother while watching Home and Garden Television or help out the needy people in the world, but seriously, can either of those shake a finger at looking at an empty handle of rum after three days?

What does going home entail? Feeling obligated to do family bullshit that you don't really care about. Of course, I want nothing more than to take out the trash, run to the grocery store and lie about failing my math test. And what makes you feel better than seeing all the fun you're missing? While almost all of your friends are out being inappropriate and irresponsible, you're left sitting on Facebook hoping for a glimmer of a green dot for someone to talk to; all while receiving mobile uploads of dive bars and one-dollar beers.

And ASB? You get to spend a week in the comfort of eleven strangers, no showers, and no alcohol. Let's hold on a second. The showers don't bother me - it's a good week if I've bathed twice - but strangers - but strangers - And no liquid confidence to get to know them better? A substance that has been bringing people together for years is banned on a trip designed to bring people together? That's downright illogical. Sure, the community service makes you warm and bubbly and feel like your life has a purpose, but you're only young once. This is the time to take our livers in one hand and slam them into the wall of tequila shots, Jagerbombs, and cheap beer.

Now, from my personal experience, I spent a week on the beach with two bags of groceries, fifty bucks worth of booze, and twenty solo cups. Not only did I get a wicked-ass tan that kicks the shit out of those fuckers from the Jersey



Yeah...



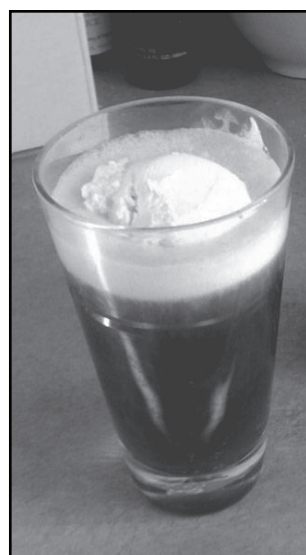
I don't know who this guy is, but I like him already. No, not in that way. Ok, maybe.

shore, but I had Cheez-Its and rum and coke for breakfast at 11 AM, more rum and Coke for an afternoon snack, Bud Light and peanut butter and jelly for dinner with a rum and coke float for dessert. Damn right, it's delicious! Then, for a midnight snack, four hours of beer pong. Yeah, I was fucked up for five days. I didn't have the responsibility of being home or the restrictions of ASB, and I still felt warm and bubbly. I played beer pong in my boxers, helped a friend pick up beach skanks (FYI: I'm taken), smoked a huge stogie while watching the sunset, and, of course, drank. I was in a paradise of sunshine, junk food, and debauchery. If you can say none of this is appealing to you, then pull the stick out of your ass and enjoy my new favorite cocktail listed below:

### Rum and Coke Float

- 1 Solo brand Solo Cup (the Solo brand is important)
- 3 scoops vanilla ice cream
- Cover the ice cream with Sailor Jerry's rum. If you haven't experienced the majesty that is Sailor Jerry, put this newspaper down and go buy it now. Really. Think of it as if Captain Morgan were put on cheap Mexican steroids that made him more delicious, more alcoholic - 92 proof - and without the price of those American steroids. \$20 a handle? Why not?!
- Fill up to the top of the cup with Coke. The soda, not the powder.

Enjoy! (Responsibly)



Prepare to win.

# CounterPoint: Alternative Spring Break

## Why do nothing when you can do everything?

By: Meryem Dede  
Alternative Lifestyle Specialist

ASB is a beautiful mix of uncomfortable sleeping arrangements, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, forced group bonding and service. What people don't always realize from outside the ASBubble is that sleeping on the ground can be really good for your back, raspberry jelly can spice up an otherwise tired sandwich, mandatory bonding can be marvelous, and the memories from the lives you touch over the week of ASB are irreplaceable. This year I spent my spring break in beautiful Beaufort, South Carolina, surrounded by adorable children and the ocean. I got to swing from monkey bars, read children's books and enjoy the gorgeous palmetto-covered scenery of a state I had never been to before. Besides the fact that one of the students I was working with called me "Meredith" the entire week, it was a great experience. So why do anything else??

Staying at home is for frosh who miss their moms or up-

perclassmen who miss their mom's cooking. We get it; the world is scary, and returning home makes everything seem smaller and less threatening, but while your friends gain weight over break from their gross overconsumption of beer, you add the extra five pounds from cornbread, homemade macaroni and cheese and hours and hours of watching *House* reruns. If your response when people ask you what you did over your entire week off of school is "nothing" or "just, you know... hung around," then you don't need me to tell you that next year you need to look into better options.

The opposite of staying home, some spring breakers take the school-free week as an excuse to party on a beach. While fun at the time, it is difficult to deny that the "traditional" spring break is a really expensive way to only patchily remember a week. Some people think the alcohol and drug-free mantra of ASB is a big ASBummer, but

in fact, it's only the true partiers that take up the ASB challenge. After an entire year's worth of intense drinking, one's tolerance reaches a point where it is just too goddamn expensive to get drunk anymore. ASB not only lessens the expense of your habit as your body gets to reset, but it also proves to your friends every year that you're not an alcoholic. The rule is not ridiculous; it's refreshing.

Then there are those that stay in Nashville. Visitors to Nashville refer lovingly to the city as Music City, USA; NashVegas, the Athens of the South, Ca\$hville, or even the belt buckle of the Bible Belt. You know what native Nashvillians call it? Boring. Be more creative with your spring break next year.

Lastly, there are those that do their own thing. Okay, that's kind of legit.



Two steps backwards.

# Edgar Allan Poe Speaks!

By: Zach Wright

President, Dead Poet Society

With *Versus* recently interviewing the producer of *Hot Tub Time Machine* (way to go guys, maybe next time you can get someone notable from a real movie!) the folks at *The Slant*, meaning me, decided it would be a good idea to do an interview of our own. Unfortunately we don't have the sort of pull that *Versus* does so we couldn't get anyone importa-

Streams."

Me: That sounds terrible.

EAP: Well, I'll admit it's an acquired taste. Obviously fans of my earlier stuff won't be too enthused, but you can't please everyone can you?

Me: Can you get rid of your ghostly steeds? The one on the left hasn't stopped going to the bathroom since it's gotten here, and the one on the right looks like he wants to rape me. He's been eyeing me up this whole time, and it's starting to freak me out.

EAP: Of course, how silly of me...

*Edgar shouts "Streetcar!" "Desire!" "Away!" and with a wave of his hand his horses dissolve and flow into my closet right next to my Crest with tartar control.*

Me: Thanks. So, whom do you usually hang out with up in heaven?

EAP: Well, if you can believe it, most of the original Harlem Globetrotters.

Me: Most of them are still alive. Did you just get that from Scooby-Doo?

EAP: No, what are you talking about...

Me:...

*Edgar breaks down crying, telling me how he doesn't have any friends, and how he's, "Too much of a genius," for everyone. He's a total crybaby, but what can you expect from an emo bitch. I could never tell him that though.*

Me: You're kind of an emo bitch Edgar.

EAP: Yeah...

Me: Anyway, last question. If you had some advice from beyond the grave for our readers out there, what would it be?

EAP: Heaven is mostly games of Scrabble where everyone gets a triple word score every time. Like teiid is a fucking word... that and a bunch of marzipan... whatever that is.

Me: You didn't make it in heaven, did you?

*And with that a jet of fire bursts from my floor and engulfs Edgar, who cackles as he descends into the underworld once again.*

Me: What a bitch.

*And this is AFTER the photographer said "Smile!"*

"Wait, who the fuck is that?!"  
*Two ghostly steeds kick down the door to my single, which is weird for a Saturday*  
 "It is I, Edgar Allan Poe!"  
*I recoil in horror as Mr. Poe himself strides through the threshold to my room. He smells like shit. Like, it's really hard for me to type right now.*  
 "Why do you smell so bad?"  
*And with that simple question, my interview began with one of the greats, the morose bastard Edgar Allan Poe...*

Me: Thanks so much for coming.

EAP: No, problem. I always enjoy helping out a friend.

Me: Yeah, you owe me more than one favor after Berlin.

EAP: (laughing) Don't you be bringing up Berlin again!

Me: So, besides this interview, what brings you to Nashville?

EAP: Well, this adorable couple just moved into a house in Hillsboro with their new baby- so I figured I'd go scare the shit out of them. You know, blood on the walls, eerie voices, and of course, planting thoughts in their heads of their daughter dating a black man.

Me: That's actually OK these days.

EAP: Really?

Me: Yeah, you've been dead a long time. Everyone is pretty much fine with that now. Cool huh?

EAP: Yeah, I guess...

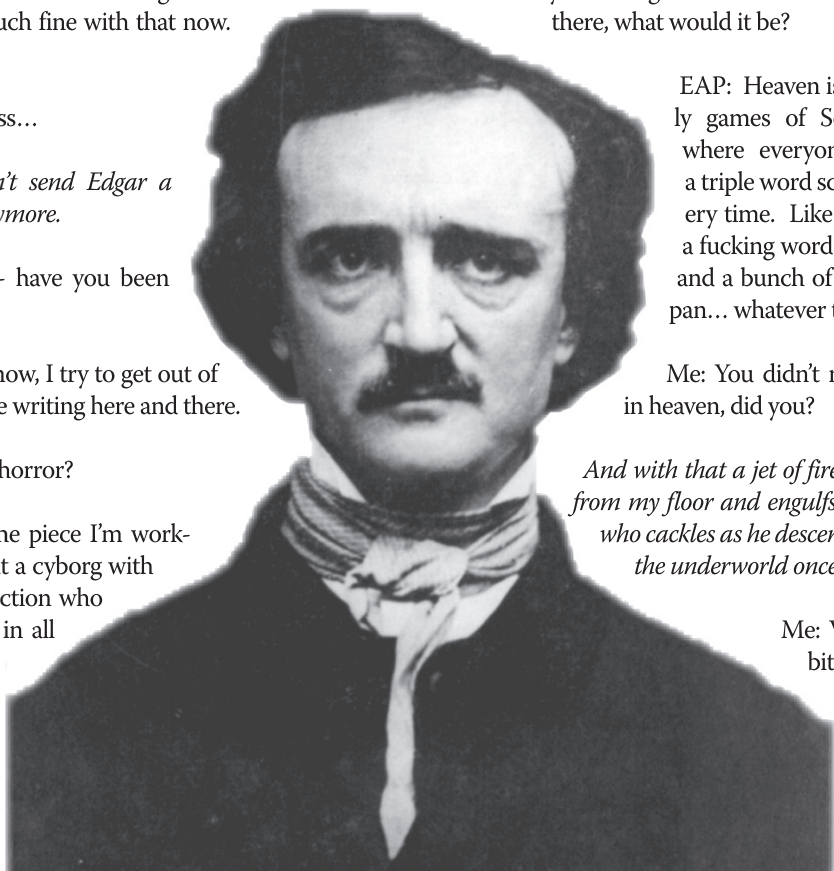
*Side note: I don't send Edgar a Christmas card anymore.*

Me: Moving on- have you been keeping busy?

EAP: Yea, you know, I try to get out of the house, do a little writing here and there.

Me: Still writing horror?

EAP: Actually, the piece I'm working on now is about a cyborg with a urinary tract infection who keeps finding love in all the wrong places, with hilarious results. I call it, "Crossing



(615): Where are the bitches, because I got some condoms I need to use tonight.

(813): It's 10:40 AM, and I leave tomorrow. So, I'm going to start drinking now.

(954): No turkey unless it's a club sandwich.

(847): I thought the Boston Tea Party was a store famous for its teas dating back to the American Revolution.

(865): Most of the texts in *The Slant* are 615 or 865... That's how you know that it's us.

(813): I haven't had a beer hangover since school started. It's been a very liquorly year.



## Felon



*Nice try! The cop said I had the right to remain silent.*

## ASButthole



*I padded my resume over break.*

## Daytona Beach



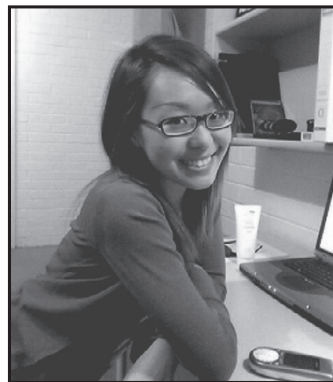
*Let's just say I could use a scrub and a wash.*

## Kentucky Fan



*I got to second base with my sister!!*

## Your RA



*I inspected your room. Why is that picture of me over your bed so sticky?*

## Eric Massa



*Have you ever been to a Navy birthday party? No one there has heard of being "forcibly fondled."*

## Slut



*I went home. Watched TV; ate a lot of breakfast...*

## Ice Cube



*Just chilled.*

# CREEPING

**Guy Kopsombut**

Major: Computer Science, Kicking Ass and Taking Names  
 Hometown: Nashville, Tennessee

- Has a key to your room
- Challenges self to act creepy in a new exciting way each day
- Owns a species-confused snake named 'Turtles'

**Be Vanderbilt. Be an RA.**

www.vanderbilt.edu/bevanderbiltbeanra

**TOP TEN**  
Activities that are better with a partner

- 10 Making banana pancakes
- 9 The luge
- 8 Holding hands
- 7 Drinking (Otherwise, you're just an alcoholic)
- 6 Playing checkers
- 5 Tandem bicycling
- 4 Talking (If you're by yourself, you're just a crazy.)
- 3 Getting married
- 2 Assisted suicide
- 1 Sex



# Formation of New BJA Organization Met with Confusion, Applause

By: Justin Barisich  
Always Politically Correct... Always

I pride myself on being able to make friends with a decent variety of people who come from all walks of life. However, implicit within such a variety, there is bound to be a lack of knowledge about "how the other half lives." So, when one of my Jewish friends, one of my black friends, and I were attending a group meeting, they began discussing some of their misunderstandings of each other's culture. By the end of their discussion, they had resolved to form the Black-Jewish Alliance (BJA), a coalition of students from the two largest minority groups on Vanderbilt's campus who also have their own safe houses within the Vanderbubble.

Yet--little did I know-- the members had been secretly meeting intermittently for the past several months in the Black Cultural Center's basement. The Ben Schulman Center for Jewish Life pressured their affiliate Grins Café into providing free PBG (peanut butter, banana, and granola) wraps for every meeting.

The BJA members chose Sunday, March 14<sup>th</sup> as the date of their reveal from the depths of the underground, because it holds significance for both black and Jewish students. The Jewish community chose the date to honor the birth of William Edward "Billy" Crystal who was born on March 14, 1948. Crystal has won Oscars, Golden Globes, and Tony Awards as an actor and comedian, and has even hosted the Academy Awards. He is most recognizable for his roles in *When Harry Met Sally* and *City Slickers*, his stint on Saturday Night Live, and as the voice of Mike Wazowski in the Pixar film, *Monsters, Inc.* Crystal is the model of a good Jewish citizen: funny, creative, successful, and knows how to handle his money with or without a pouch full of Jew gold.



Mike Wazowski right before he changes into a green, bulbous cyclops.

The black community also chose March 14<sup>th</sup> to honor the birth of their own Billy. William "Billy" Garland, born March 14, 1949, is an American truck driver and a former Black Panther whose claim to fame was his ability to sire the child who came to be known as Tupac Shakur, one of the greatest rappers in the history of the game. Garland is the model of a good black citizen, as he fathered a superstar while giving

his son the space to find his creative ability and the freedom to hone it. Without Garland, Tupac would have never graced a mic, and the world would have been a much sadder place.

Despite their reasons of honoring their respective Billy's, the BJA didn't foresee the complications they would have by choosing March 14<sup>th</sup> as the date of their grand coming out, as, unknowingly, quite a few other important historical events also occurred on that day.

March 14<sup>th</sup> is well known as Pi Day to the Vandy Mathletes who assumed that the BJA was attempting to get into an intellectual turf war with them. Ezekiel Johnson, the son of a black man and a Jewish woman and the current president of the BJA, had to step in and apologize to the Vandy Mathletes for his lack of discretion, thereby preventing them from resorting to launching the second Great Protractor War.



Papa Pac picked a peck of pickled peppers...

Ezekiel was then met with resistance from the Vandy Students for Timeliness (VST) who were honoring their Greco-Roman deity on March 14<sup>th</sup> with the annual festival marking the beginning of Daylight Savings Time. VST members knew that their sacred one, George Vernon Hudson, the inventor of Daylight Savings Time, would not be happy if another group tried to infringe upon their spring holiday. In order to avoid conflict, Ezekiel, in a moment of calculating genius, decided to collaborate with the VST members and to abolish C.P. Time, or colored-people time, once and for all, thereby ending a long-standing cold war with VST.

However, Ezekiel was not prepared for this largest error. Unwittingly, he had forgotten about the immensely important national holiday occurring exactly one month after Valentine's Day: Steak and Blowjob Day.

Though Vanderbilt students that are either black or Jewish are encouraged to join, only those that are both black and Jewish can hope to be Executive Members of the group. Students that are closer to an even 50% of both can attain the higher positions within the group, because it's not discrimination, but association.

When the BJA tried to attract new members on March 14<sup>th</sup>, it was instantly over-



Blow your horns; become a BJA unicorn!

whelmed by the interest of so many new supporters' interest to join the club even from students who were neither black nor Jewish. Ezekiel scratched his head for a while as he tried to figure out the reason for such a majority interest in such a niche minority group. It wasn't until student Brock Morningwood approached the table and desperately inquired, "Is this where we sign up for the B.J. Alliance? My girlfriend said she wouldn't give me mine until I joined. She wanted to make sure I was part of the B.J. revolution."

Ezekiel, himself a large supporter of B.J.'s, understood his fellow man's plight and sympathized with the easily misconstruable advertising. He quickly found an old issue of *The Slant*, clipped out the redeemable coupon from its center spread for Steak and Blowjob Day, handed it to Mr. Morningwood and told him to present the coupon to his girlfriend.

As Mr. Morningwood clicked his heels and skipped across Alumni Lawn, Ezekiel realized how much money he could make for his group if, in exchange for their \$10 membership fees, new members could get one of the coupons. By the end of the day, he had accumulated over \$80,000, enough money to produce another posthumous Tupac album and to buy a lifetime's supply of latkes.



Makin' potato pancakes...

## Campus Tours: Now Abiding by the Honesty Policy

By: Clay Christain  
Truth in Advertising Specialist

As spring comes, the temperatures rise and daily life on campus begins to change a little. People sunbathe or study on the lawn, allergies attack, and the tights go in the drawer while the dresses come back out. However, along with all of the wonderful outdoor activities from August and September that seem to return, so do the visiting high school students and their parents. No, not MOSAIC weekend. These visits involve no shenanigans, hospital visits or even accurate information. What if the tours were a little more honest? Er, and quite a bit more cynical too. I believe they would go a little like this:

"Alright, first I'd like to thank everyone for visiting Vanderbilt University! My name is Clay, and I'll be your guide! I'm a sophomore in the School of Engineering, and let's be honest, I'm a bit of a cocky jerk and don't really enjoy showing you around. OK! With that being said, your glowing faces tell me that it's time to start the tour!

After your wonderful orientation speech by whoever that was, we find ourselves at the Student Life Center. Over there is the Starbucks. That's all there is, really. Not that there's anything wrong with that... I mean, girls go a lot there, don't they? I'm asking you, because they won't let me over there anymore.

Moving on! As you can see, we are in front of our varsity athletic facilities. If you're going to see a football game, you will most likely not remember what the inside of the stadium looks like, so take it all in right now! If you enjoy basketball, then I hope you also enjoy games that are nerve-rackingly close and some serious March sadness. If baseball is more of your thing, then, well, you won't have many problems finding a good seat! But please remember to be wary of the Vandy Fanatics. Their little club isn't all that fan-friendly or spirited.

Now we're stopping at frat row, better known as all of the poor decisions you're going to make

freshman year. Also of note are the Branscomb Dorms which is where we like to pay tribute to our tiki god. Every Thursday we like to sacrifice a pre-med and serve him up on a jerk chicken pizza. Ok, there's not really much else to say, here. I've never lived over here; so I'm not going to sugar coat anything like some other guides might. It's kind of dirty inside, but that's really just a given. If you enjoy a short walk to the parties rather than a brisk jog or a liver-busting shuttle ride, then you're going to love this part of campus.

Over here is Alumni Lawn, which is one place that is not exactly going to assist you in becoming an alumnus, especially during Rites of Spring weekend. Cole and Tolman hall are where kids go to escape Kissam, yet are still disappointed. McGill? er, well, you can all go dorm spelunking for yourselves after the tour.

Now we're coming up to the Rand Dining Hall. Right here outside is where 90 percent of all cigarettes are smoked on campus. Hey, do you people like nutritious food? Well, you might want to start thinking about frequenting Harris Teeter. Odds are after freshman year, you're going to eat at The Pub more than anything else which will most definitely contribute to your sophomore sixteen. Ok! Let's go to the bookstore so we can give you a nice gray T-shirt! Hey, look at that; I'm wearing mine right now...

I bet a lot of you people are wondering about academics here. Well, I don't really know too much about that, but let's stop in here in Buttrick. This building definitely looks fancy, but I can't really vouch for the classes they teach here. As you can deduce from the wall décor, all of them are about history of ferns and fernology. No, I swear those aren't language classes going on right now. Would I lie to you?

Our next stop takes us to the engineering building. As you can see, it is the most rectangular building on campus, because engineers are very easily confused and are prone to complain. I myself once

walked into the wrong dorm and went up to the third floor before realizing my mistake.

Moving on, we've reached the much beloved Stevenson center. Does anyone here like math? Well, you won't. In fact, you'll hate it so much that you'll change your major, and probably more than once. But if you're like me and can't stand writing papers and doing "research," then engineering isn't all that bad. Yeah, I failed a math class, but that just makes me more awesome than someone who hasn't.

Now we come to what I'm supposed to sell the hardest to you to get you to matriculate: The Commons. Ok, now, by a lot of luck and AP credits, I'm currently not a freshman, so I don't really come over here much anymore. Most of my close friends lived on my hall last year, but unfortunately there's a great disparity between qualities of rooms. Do you like being able to touch your passed out roommate's ass with your nose as you try to get some sleep before your 8 o'clock class? Well then, let's hope you end up in West or Gillette! Are caviar and a chauffeur service more of your thing? Stambaugh and North have that down pat. That big one over there? My class affectionately knows that as Stank Ingram.

Over yonder is the Commons Center which is home to some different yet almost equally bland kinds of food. I have to give them props for having variety, though. Just be warned that flank steak is always tougher to chew than you expect. Don't worry though; there are plenty of microwavable White Castles at the munchie mart next door. Rest

assured, though, you'll have many memorable, or forgotten, moments in this Munchie Mart. It's where alliances are forged and broken, where appetites are satiated, and where awkward mixers are held.

Also on this side of campus are the Peabody College of Education buildings. I'm going to try my absolute hardest not to make a crayon joke, but let's just say I don't think I can draw up such a scenario.

Well, coming back full circle almost, we've arrived over near Kissam... OK, moving on...

Great job, everyone, we're back here at admissions trying to figure out when exactly it was I started drinki- I mean, it's time to leave! Now, I know we missed some things like the Rec Center or the Blair School of Music, but come on... They're really far away... I'd just like to thank everyone again for visiting Vanderbilt today! Any questions? You guys seem confused, er, at least the ones of you that are still here."



And here's another tour leaving Stevenson, the Asian sector of campus...